

PADDY RYAN KNOCKED OUT.

THREE DISASTROUS ROUNDS WITH JOE MAULIFF AT SAN FRANCISCO.

They fought with thin gloves at the San Francisco Athletic Club for \$2,000 and the Pacific Coast Heavy-Weight Championship—Paddy Was Not in Good Condition—McAuliffe Meek the Better Man.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)
SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.—The rooms of the California Athletic Club, on Grant avenue, were crowded last night with sportsmen and lovers of the art of self-defense, who had come to see the fight with thin gloves between Paddy Ryan, ex-champion of the world, and Joe McAuliffe, champion of the Pacific coast, for a \$1,000 purse, \$2,000 outside money, and the championship of the Pacific coast.

The assemblage was representative, not only of what might be termed "gentlemanly" sportsmen, but also of many branches of business. At least five millionaires sat upon raised wooden benches, and those who could draw their checks for sums having six figures were numerous. The five-figure men were there by hundreds.

As usual on such occasions there were a number of preliminary contests. "The next event will be the meeting of the gladiators," said Billy Jordan at 11.30 o'clock, and then the walls of the somewhat small room resounded with the wild applause of spectators.

A few minutes later Barney Doherty, President of the club, with Joe McAuliffe's backer, entered the ring with Vice-President Fulda and said: "Gentlemen, as I am an interested party in the battle which is about to take place Vice-President Fulda will officiate."

THE NEW ENTER THE RING.
After a collection had been taken up for the widow of a local sporting man, the rival heavy-weights entered the ring. Ryan tipped the scales at exactly 190 pounds, five pounds less than when he met John L. Sullivan and lost the heavy-weight championship of the world at Mississippi City. He had his right hand considerably bruised, the two middle knuckles being knocked back from a blow he accidentally struck his trainer, Patsy Carroll, five days ago while boxing. Ryan was apparently in bad condition.

Joe McAuliffe jumped into the ring like a big, healthy boy. McAuliffe was in perfect trim. He weighed 214 pounds and was as hard as a rock.

Referee Hiram Cook, who was chosen on Thursday night by Barney Farley and Patsy Carroll, the representatives of the principals, having accepted the position, that matter was disposed of at once. Ryan's seconds were Patsy Carroll and Young Mitchell. McAuliffe's seconds were Barney Farley and Jack McConley. J. Gassman for McAuliffe and Joe Driscoll for Ryan were chosen timekeepers, and gloves weighing less than two ounces were tossed in the ring.

FIRST ROUND.
As the men came forward for the first round, the advantage of McAuliffe's height and condition was quite discernible. Sparring for an opening was short. Ryan struck out with his left, only reaching McAuliffe's chest, and got away before he could be reached in return. McAuliffe was the next to lead without reaching, and Ryan was at once with a rush which was only stopped from terminating in a clinch by McAuliffe's right, which swung viciously and reached Ryan in the back of the head. The blow was only half effective, owing to Ryan's arm breaking its force somewhat, but still it weighed so much that it was Ryan's first turn towards defeat.

After that blow McAuliffe led a short one with his left, and Ryan closing in, they clinched. The cries of "break!" from the referee and fifty self-constituted ones on the outside went unheeded, and the men lay in every break after that until the termination of the mill, Ryan evidently being determined to punch while he had a chance.

Time being called, both men retired to their corners. McAuliffe was at ease, and looked perfectly fresh, while Ryan's chest heaved like a bellows.

SECOND ROUND.
On the call of time for the second round only a couple of minutes were offered by each, when McAuliffe struck out straight with his left, his unusually long arm bringing up with a whack on Ryan's stomach between the open ribs. It was the blow of a giant, and only for Ryan's right arm, which he threw to the ropes instead of only bringing back a yard. He came up with a sickly smile and feinting with his left, followed it quickly with a vicious swing right, which again fanned the air, but in almost proximity to McAuliffe's chin. The latter made a return swing with his right, also missing his opponent, whose head was lowered from the force of his own blow. The two men then came together and clinched, during which time both pommelled one another at short range until a dozen cries of "break!" were shouted. Ryan was fighting bravely, while his opponent was comparatively weak.

At this stage Ryan was seen to suddenly double up as though in great pain, but it was only for a second, when he straightened up after carrying both hands below his belt.

It was learned afterwards that his truss had slipped a little, but he recovered it before the greatest danger could happen.

McAuliffe made another pass and let out straight with his left and before recovering he slipped and almost fell, but was up in a second. Ryan believed his opportunity good at that time and made a dash for it, but most disastrous. McAuliffe's left went straight out with all the backing of his tail frame and countered Paddy on the mouth and down went the ex-champion. It was a terrible blow and when Ryan got up, he was a little better than when he was down. He staggered and fell blood. Before McAuliffe could in follow up his blow with a second short arm blow was delivered, Ryan choosing his opponent's head, while McAuliffe went for Ryan's wind.

At the end of the round McAuliffe was still fresh, while Ryan was evidently a whipped man.

THIRD AND LAST ROUND.
The third and last round showed McAuliffe to be a determined fellow who did not propose to allow any advantage to his opponent. As the men came together he struck out with his straight left and on this occasion, like a number of others that followed, he only grazed Ryan's right arm as far as the over the Trojan's shoulder and long arm passing. Ryan attempted another right hand swing which again fell short and before he recovered McAuliffe's right, with a swing, reached him on the side of the jaw, felling him heavily. The blow was the severest given in the fight and in the belief of all it was thought to be the settlement of the battle. Ryan bravely got up inside the ten seconds, but he was terribly dazed and apparently oblivious that McAuliffe was coming upon him.

He went to the ropes fifteen feet from his own corner and seemingly was about to step out into the audience, but the referee, who saw McAuliffe was about to finish him, and they clinched. It was just in time to prevent Ryan from falling to the ground over the post he was leaning on, and which broke as McAuliffe struck Paddy.

While the latter was on the ropes cries of foul were heard, and in the ensuing confusion Ryan returned to his corner, where he had an opportunity of getting another breath. He responded when the referee disallowed the claim of foul. There were some more telling short-arm blows, and on a break being made McAuliffe caught Ryan's straight right hand, which settled the matter.

Ryan staggered against the ropes, and down

on them, got up, tried to get out of the ring, but McAuliffe kept at him. If time had not opportunistically been called, Ryan would doubtless have been knocked senseless. His seconds passed Paddy to his chair under the lower rope, and he sat there a whipped man, refusing to fight any longer. His second, young Mitchell, threw up the sponge.

McAULIFFE NOT HURT AT ALL.
The only damage done was to Ryan, whose right eye was slightly closed and his at the lip split. McAuliffe, when seen in his room, was free from a mark, and as fresh as when he entered the ring.

McAULIFFE'S BATTLE IN THE RING.

Joseph Peter McAuliffe, the holder of the championship of the Pacific coast since he whipped Dick Matthews last year, is a native of California and is twenty-four years of age. He has been a temperate man all his life, tobacco liquor to a great extent and leaving smoking entirely alone. He followed his trade as a carrier in a South San Francisco tannery until last year, when he met "Buffalo," whose real name is Costello. This mill was under Harry May's auspices and for a purse of \$1,000 McAuliffe was bested in three rounds. Three months later McAuliffe met Dick Matthews at the California Athletic Club, defeating him in seven rounds of hard fighting. By this battle McAuliffe captured the title of heavy-weight champion of the Pacific coast, Matthews having taken that honor from Jack Brady, who had knocked out Clarence Brown, Mike Wigwam, Mike Brennan, the Port Costa giant, was the next man to meet McAuliffe, in September last, when at the California Athletic Club they battled for forty-nine rounds. McAuliffe of Queensbury rules McAuliffe proving the victor. The defeat of Ryan proves that McAuliffe has a pugilistic career before him.

AMONG THE POOR AND LOWLY.

Plans for Christmas in the Charitable Homes and Asylums.

Charity as expressed in the provision made for the city's chronic poor by the municipal authorities and the various institutions for the relief of the helpless youth and old age of poverty will bestow itself in many pleasing forms.

The falling of the greatest Christian holiday on Sunday always results in a distribution of the celebration over three or four days, and this year is no exception.

The Old Brewery, which has been known since 1880 as the Five Points Mission, took on its festive appearance last evening, when gifts were distributed to the 600 pupils of the day school, who get one square meal in the building every day in the year, and to the 300 pupils of the Sunday-school.

But not all was festive here, for in the death of Mrs. William E. Ryan, of Eighty-sixth street and Lexington avenue, on Sunday last, the children lost a constant friend and indefatigable worker for them. Mrs. Ryan had been a directress of the Mission for thirty-five years, and her absence from the celebration was felt on all sides.

For some years the celebration has been made particularly attractive by the appearance of Santa Claus, Secretary B. F. Leonard, assuming the part of the children's friend in the character of Santa Claus, and the children fairly believe Mr. Leonard to be Santa Claus himself. But on account of Mrs. Ryan's death this part of the programme was omitted last night, and after the 400 children had sung the Rev. Robert Lowry's Christmas carols for an hour or more, the gifts, wrapped in parcels, were distributed from the stage of the big school-room by the Rev. Dr. H. B. Boutwell, Mrs. B. B. Boutwell, the Superintendent, and the teachers of the school.

Besides all this, each child was given a bag containing oranges, apples, and all the gifts are given by the friends of the mission.

On Sunday the carols will be sung again in Grace Chapel, attached to the mission, at 2.30 o'clock.

Across Paradise Park and facing towards the south, is the Five Points House of Industry, which has had a long career of well-deserved success. The name of the neighborhood will be given each a big basket, in which will be found a nice fat turkey, garnished with potatoes, bread, coffee, sugar and candy, and the whole capped by a glorious Christmas tree, gifts for all the children of the neighborhood, and needy of this remembrance are furnished by the missionaries of the society.

On Tuesday evening in the chapel of the House of Industry, the children of the neighborhood will be given each a big basket, in which will be found a nice fat turkey, garnished with potatoes, bread, coffee, sugar and candy, and the whole capped by a glorious Christmas tree, gifts for all the children of the neighborhood, and needy of this remembrance are furnished by the missionaries of the society.

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3,000 DELIGHTED CHILDREN.

"THE WORLD'S" BIG THEATRE PARTY TO PUPILS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Marvels of Aladdin's Lamp Exhibited at the People's Theatre to Enthusiastic Little Boys and Girls—They Came Early and Applauded Vigorously—Their Tickets the Best Christmas Cards They Got.

The largest theatre party ever given in New York came off to-day at the People's Theatre. The World gave the party and several hundred "little maids from school," and corresponding hundreds of lively school-boys were the guests.

To give the poorer school-children an opportunity to see a play on the eve of Christmas, that festival above all others dear to children, was an idea with which Santa Claus inspired The World a fortnight ago.

Last Sunday, a day befitting the deed, the invitation was sent out through a card to public-school teachers. It announced that The World would tender a Christmas matinee to 3,000 school-children, boys and girls, and that the spectacle would be "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp." The teachers were asked to select The World's guests from the more deserving candidates for this novel "Reward of Merit."

The only stipulation was that the children should be under fifteen and that those whose theatre-going experience had been the least should receive the call.

The delighted recipients of the bit of paste-board which admitted the bearer to the glories of the Good Haroun Alraschid, with a ceremony that showed that something besides hunger was preying on their juvenile appetites.

Then the merry hundreds started off in time to have a treat at the People's Theatre, and the People's Theatre was mobbed by a hilarious crowd long before the hour for the doors to open. When they did open, the youthful throng poured in and past the ticket-takers like a river breaking through a dam.

They found time, however, as they dropped the pasteboard which entitled them to a seat, to be greeted by the man at the door. "This was a dainty Christmas card which The World gave to the children, with its good wishes. But although the cards were very pretty, the children all thought the ticket was a better Christmas card, the very best sent out this season."

No adults were admitted and the theatre was filled with school children. No seats were reserved, so the first-comers had the reward of their punctuality in a better position. But they all saw well enough.

About three thousand children swarmed in the place. More than twice that number of applications were received, and the tickets were distributed with the most impartial regard for the several claims of the different schools.

Scheherazade never told as interesting a tale during her term of a Thousand and One Nights as story-teller to the Nibs, the Sultan, as Manager Henderson's company portrayed from behind the footlights to the enthusiastic boys and girls of the schools this afternoon.

The Sultan yawned sometimes and used to think that perhaps he would be doing a kindness to himself by bow-stringing Scheherazade before she could get in another "fak." But there was no yawn at the People's. Several hundred mouths were slightly ajar, it is true, but that was through a mistaken idea that they could take in more that way.

The chirper crowd forgot to be critical in the face of the transformations which Aladdin brought about by rubbing the wonderful lamp.

Of course, there is no man living who knows the plot of the play—not even the author. But this was an audience indifferent to plot. From the prelude to the final transformation scene the children liked the whole thing far better than most.

How they digested in their seats and craned their small necks so as not to lose a single spangle and how they "Ah-d" and "Oh-ed" when Aladdin and one of the boys, Zerkah, came in in very early in the morning considerably the worse for wear and have a jolly time under his mother-in-law's window, the boys laughed and thought Aladdin was "playing hooky" in great style.

They screamed over the "chestnuts" and were tickled to death at the sudden apparitions.

Jennie Reeves performed the part of Aladdin to the immense satisfaction of the audience. But that weird functionary, "Chow-Chow, the magician," known in private life as Mr. Richard Golden, took the cake when after the prologue, he stepped before the children and tickled their literary and critical faculties by a short poem which ran thus:

What story of Aladdin's lamp
You tell me you hear to-day
A magic lamp with treasures brought
It rubbed in either way.

THE WORLD on this glad Christmas Eve,
The World which you all shall see,
The wonders of the age
When lights, apples and magic lamps
And spoons were all the rage.

And still there's an Aladdin's lamp
For each of you to-day,
It's found in good hard work; and now
We'll go on with the play.

The children present were the flower of the public education, so that heartily they approved of the moral, and The World's name stirred them into generous applause.

Altogether it was another big success for The World. The readiness with which the teachers of the public schools in New York and Brooklyn have co-operated in the scheme shows how they appreciated it.

Messrs. Henderson and Noel did all they could to make the day most brilliant and attractive than ever, and the whole Imperial Burlesque Company, which acted it, could not have striven more earnestly to do well if it had been a "professional matinee."

They got the reward in kind, for three thousand juvenile souls were filled to the brim with delight and happiness. It was a grand Christmas Day gift and the children think they kept it well.

Christmas Guests at the Hotel.
William C. Ewald, Secretary of War, is at the Fifth Avenue.
Dr. A. H. Henshaw, of Philadelphia, is at the Morton House.
F. P. MacLean, M. D., of Washington, is booked at the Victoria.
Mr. and Mrs. E. Berry Wall occupy a suite of rooms at the St. James.
Prof. and Mrs. A. Harkness, of Brown University, Providence, are at the Glensy.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens and Miss Dickens arrived yesterday at the Everett House.
Congressmen and Mrs. Ira Davenport registered from Washington at the Brevoort House.
Staying at the Surinam are J. Atkinson, of Sheffield, England, and Frederick J. Folz, U. S. A. With others at the St. James are A. C. Maynard, of San Francisco, and H. Graham Nixon, of Chicago.

Joseph H. Harding, of San Francisco, a lawyer and President of the Order of Elks, is now at the Glensy.

At the Grand are Commander T. Bogie, U. S. N., Lieut. John A. Perry, U. S. N., and Lieut. C. J. Day, U. S. N.

Prince on College has let loose her undergraduates, and a number of names are written on almost every hotel register in town.

Three capitalists are now at the Hoffman—A. G. Norburn, of Chicago; A. C. Trier, of New Lebanon, and Mark A. Smith, of Arizona.

Gus H. Tilden, of New Lebanon, is among those who are contesting the right of John A. Tilden, and makes the St. James his stopping place while in town.

At two rival hotels are two men who have lately become rivals—Frank Sullivan and Mr. Fulton, who claim the same seat in Congress. Mr. Sullivan is at the Fifth Avenue, while Mr. Fulton puts up at the Hoffman.

A ROGUE'S LAWYER SNARED.

Arrest of the Author of the Scandal in the District-Attorney's Office.

"You couldn't have brought me a more acceptable Christmas present, Phil," was the greeting which Detective-Sergt. Reilly got from Assistant District-Attorney Fitzgerald this morning, when Reilly told him that Charles A. Curtis, of Jersey City, was awaiting the coming of the ex-Senator in the latter's office in the General Sessions Building.

Curtis is a blonde-whiskered young man, about twenty-seven years old, who has been masquerading as a Philadelphia lawyer in the Sessions during the past month, and he was arrested on four indictments for grand larceny.

He was apprehended at his home in Third street, Jersey City, last evening, and Detective Reilly, of the District-Attorney's office, coaxed him over to this city early this morning.

Assistant District-Attorney Fitzgerald's joy at the capture is explained by the fact that Curtis is the man who is responsible for the statement that Fitzgerald accepted fees to the amount of \$125.00 to secure the release of John Nuttall, of 413 Van Brunt street, South Brooklyn, an suspended sentence.

Curtis told attaches of the court that he is a nephew of Quarantine Commissioner John A. Nichol. The latter denies this. Curtis has never been admitted to practice at the Bar.

As a collector of the Provident Life Association of this city, he is accused of having appropriated about \$400.

He had a similar experience, it is alleged, with a worthless check passed in Jersey City. It is also related that he swindled Mr. Bacon, counsel for the Quarantine Commission, of \$50 on the strength of his relationship with Commissioner Nichols.

He will find a hard man to deal with in Mr. Fitzgerald, and Recorder Smyth intimated that he would receive no mercy from him.

Mr. Fitzgerald was closeted with Curtis for an hour, and reported, as the result of his examination, that he was connected with the District-Attorney's office had been implicated in receiving fees.

The young man was committed to the Tombs.

PUPILS GIVE A MATINEE.

"Les Precieuses Ridicules" and "Winter's Tale" by Members of Mr. Sargent's School.

The members of Mr. Franklin H. Sargent's New York School of Acting gave an extremely interesting matinee yesterday, producing Moliere's "Les Precieuses Ridicules" and Act IV. of "The Winter's Tale." Everything that could be done in the way of scenic effect to enhance the value of the production was done, but the young student-actors entered so thoroughly into the spirit of their work and evinced so unmistakably the signs of Mr. Sargent's careful tuition that the success of the entertainment was due to them entirely, and not to the appointments.

The novelty of the performance was "The Winter's Tale," in which some delightfully rural pictures were presented. The shepherds and shepherdesses in their frolics were marvellously natural, and their laughter seemed to be entirely spontaneous. Miss Elsie Lombard was Perdita, and she was the least interesting feature of the performance. Her gestures were extremely labored and her utterances affected.

Young Mr. Ernest Sterner made a capital Autolycus, his impersonation of the rogue being extremely amusing. Disguised as the peddler, he sang in tune, which is an extremely unusual occurrence with actors who make no specialty of their voices. Mr. Alfred Young's Florizel was a careful performance, and Mr. Buckland, as the old shepherd, did not do him justice.

In "Les Precieuses Ridicules" Miss Vida Croly and Miss Harriet Ford, an extremely handsome young lady, played the parts of Madeleine and Cathot. Mr. Harcourt Harrison, who played Gorgibus, has a great deal to learn. He would have been better as one of the porters.

THEY WANT FIVE DAYS' PAY.

United Labor Party Election Inspectors Considering How to Enforce Their Claim.

A meeting of the United Labor party inspectors of election was held last night at Columbia Hall, 1210 First Avenue, near Sixty-fifth street. They claim that they are entitled to five days' pay like the other inspectors, although they served only one day, and the object of the meeting was to take action to enforce their claim.

It was decided to form a temporary organization. Moses B. Cohen and James H. Dillon were elected temporary Chairman and Secretary, respectively.

Among those present were Lawyers Robert N. Waite and Morris W. Bar. The latter is a candidate of the party for Judge of the City Court, who will prosecute the claims in conjunction with such other counsel as may be retained.

It was resolved to hold another meeting at the same place on Thursday evening, Dec. 29.

Judge Martine's Debut.

Judge Martine will make his debut on the General Sessions bench until February, when he will preside in Part II. He will not have an opportunity to charge a Grand Jury until June.

Capt. Stephenson's Command.

Capt. John T. Stephenson, who was promoted from the rank of sergeant by the Police Board yesterday, was taken command of the Tremont police. He succeeds both to the rank and precinct of Capt. Robbins, retired.

HERR POSNART IS HERE.
Ernst Posnart, the distinguished German actor arrived this morning by the steamship Alster. Herr Posnart went to the Hotel Belvidere, where he will be seen in course at Gustav Amberg's Thalia Theatre.

THE GREATEST OF SUNDAY PAPERS.
SEE THE
SUNDAY WORLD
For Bright and Interesting Reading on
CHRISTMAS DAY.

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE FEATURES:
A NIGHT IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.
AMONG NEW YORK THIEVES.
FAITH CURE AND ITS FOLLOWERS.
A CHRISTMAS STORY BY BILL NYE.
FAVORITE BOOKS OF POPULAR PREACHERS.
NOTED CLUB AND FAMILY COOKS.
A WORLD REPORTER'S TIGER HUNT.
COPIES OF RECENT GREAT PAINTINGS.

ONLY THREE CENTS.
A MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER COMBINED.



JERE. JOHNSON, JR.,
FRIEND OF
SANTA CLAUS,
wishes his many patrons a
MERRY CHRISTMAS,
and for all who have no homes of their own
and are at the mercy of landlords will solve
the problem how to get one.
Make Christmas of 1887 merry by buying a
lot. Make New Year 1888 happy by owning a
Home.

There's none so lowly that where'er they roam
Can find a spot on earth so dear as home.
One of our own Fortunes' dearest gift,
Which all may gain by industry and thrift,
Landlords can only be wretched, you understand,
By saving up and buying lots of land.
Own your own lot and soon will come the day
A home is yours for what in rent you'd pay.
Remember,
"The man can overrule
With the water that is passed."

I offer homes
within easy reach of all that will save at

EAST NEW YORK,
Bath Beach Junction,
Woodside Heights,
LOTS AT \$150 AND UPWARD.
PAYABLE \$10 MONTHLY.
ALSO, LOTS ON THE
NICHOLAS N. WYCKOFF FARM,
18TH WARD, BROOKLYN.

\$380 AND UPWARD.
PAYABLE \$20 MONTHLY.
ALSO, LOTS ON THE
WYCKOFF-KINGSLAND FARM,
GREENPOINT,
\$625 AND UPWARD.
PAYABLE \$20 MONTHLY.

FOR ABOVE PROPERTIES 10 PER
CENT. DISCOUNT WILL BE ALLOWED
FOR ALL CASH.

Remember,
ALL OF MY TITLES ARE POSITIVELY
INSURED, WITHOUT EXPENSE TO
BUYER, BY
THE TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST CO.
Look to it that next Christmas finds you
surrounded by a happy family sitting
"Home, sweet home, there's no place like
home."
For maps apply to Jere. Johnson, Jr., No. 60
Liberty st., New York, 403 Fulton st., Brook-
lyn, or at the offices on the various p. openings.

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FAVORITE BOOKS OF POPULAR PREACHERS.<